

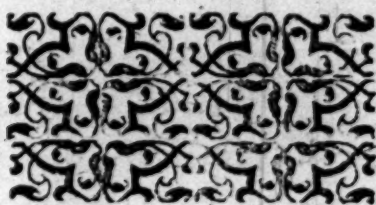
A
Most pleasaunt and
excellent conceited Co-
medie, of Syr Iohn Falstaffe, and the
merrie Wiues of Windsor.

Entermixed with sundrie
variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh
the Welch Knight, Iustice Shallow, and his
wise Cousin M. Slender.

With the swaggering vaine of Auncient
Pistoll, and Corporall Nym.

By William Shakespeare.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable
my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her
Maestie, and else-where.



LONDON

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his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the
Flower de Leuse and the Crowne.

1602.



A pleasant conceited Co-
medie, of Syr Iohn Falstaffe, and the
merry Wiues of Windsor.

*Enter Iustice Shallow, Syr Hugh, Maister Page,
and Slender.*

Shal. **N**Ere talke to me, Ile make a star-cham-
ben matter of it.

The Councell shall know it. (*mee.*)

Pag. Nay good maister *Shallow* be perswaded by

Slend. Nay surely my vncle shall not put it vp so.

Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons M. *Slenders*?

You should heare reasons.

Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to
carrie it so away.

M. *Page* I will not be wronged. For you

Syr, I loue you, and for my couzen

He comes to looke vpon your daughter.

Pag. And heres my hand, and if my daughter

Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue it a match:

In the meane time let me intreat you to sojourne

Here a while. And on my life Ile vndertake

To make you friends.

Sir Hu. I pray you M. *Shallow* let it be so.

A pleasaunt Comedie, of
The matter is pud to arbitraments.
The first man is *M. Page*, videlicet *M. Page*.
The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe. (tyr.)
And the third and last man, is mine host of the gar-

Enter Syr Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe,
and Nim.

Here is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you.

Fal. Now *M. Shallow*, youle complaine of me
to the Councell, I heare?

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, you haue hurt my keeper,
Kild my dogs, stolne my deere.

Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter.

Shal. Well this shall be answered.

Fal. Ile answer it strait. I haue done all this.
This is now answred.

Shal. Well, the Councell shall know it.

Fal. Twere better for you twere knowne in
Youle be laught at. (counsell,

Sir Hu. Good vrdes sir *Iohn*, good vrdes.

Fal. Good vrdes, good Cabidge.

Slender I brake your head,

What matter haue you against mee?

Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and
your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They
carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke,
and afterward picked my pocket.

Fal. What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke
Maister *Slenders* purse *Pistoll*?

Slen. I by this handkercher did he. Two faire
shouell boord shillings, besides seuengroats in mill
sixpences.

Fal.

the merry wiues of Windsor.

Fal. What say you to this *Pistoll*?

Pist. Sir *Iohn*, and Maister mine, I combat craue
Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.

Slender. By this light it was he then.

Nym. Syr my honor is not for many words,
But if you run bace humors of me,
I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.

Fal. You heare these matters denide gentlemē,
You heare it.

*Enter Mistresse Foord, Mistresse Page, and her
daughter Anne.*

Pa. No more now,
I thinke it be almost dinner time,
For my wife is come to meet vs.

Fal. *Mistresse Foord*, I thinke your name is,
If I mistake not.

Syr Iohn kisses her.

Mis. Ford. Your mistake sir is nothing but in the
Mistresse. But my husbands name is *Foord* sir.

Fal. I shall desire your more acquaintance.
The like of you good mister is *Page*.

Mis. Pa. With all my hart sir *Iohn*.
Come husband will you goe?
Dinner staies for vs.

Pa. With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

*Exit all, but Slender and
mistresse Anne.*

Anne.

A pleasant Comedie, of

Anne. Now forsooth why do you stay me?
What would you with me?

Slen. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vnclē can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

An. You say well M. *Slender*.
But first you must giue me leaue to
Be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God, there's neuer a man in christendome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke so?

An. I cannot tell M. *Slender*, I thinke there be.

Slen. Ha how say you? I warrant your afraid of a Beare let loose, are you not?

An. Yes truſt me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the muffle,
You neuer saw the like.

But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are marvellous rough things.

An. Will you goe in to dinner M. *Slender*?
The meate staies for you.

Slen. No faith not I. I thanke you,
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate
Nere since I broke my shin. He tel you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hit my shin. Yes faith.

Enter

the merry wines of Windsor.

Enter Maister Page.

Pa. Come, come Maister *Slender*, dinner staies for you.

Slen. I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

Pa. You shall not choose I say.

Slen. Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.
Nay be God misteris *Anne*, you shall goe first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

An. Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

Exit omnes.

Enter sir Hugh and Simple, from dinner.

Sir Hu. Hark you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the street, and enquire of his house for one mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maister *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you Sir.

Sir Hu. Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.

I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.

Exit omnes.

*Enter sir Iohn Falstaffes Host of the Garter,
Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the boy.*

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

B.

Host.

A pleasant Comedie, of

Host. What sees my bully Rooke?
Speake schollerly and wisely.

Fal. Mine Host, I must turne away some of my
followers.

Host. Discard bully, *Hercules* cassire.
Let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pound a weeke.

Host. Thou art an Emperour *Cesar*, *Pheffer* and
Kesar bully.

Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He shall tap, he shall draw.
Said I well, bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do good mine Host.

Host. I haue spoke. Let him follow. *Bardolfe*
Let me see thee froth, and lyme. I am at
A word. Follow, follow.

Exit Host.

Fal. Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapster is a good trade,
An old cloake will make a new Jerkin,
A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster:
Follow him *Bardolfe*.

Bar. I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good
shift to liue.

Exit Bardolfe.

Pis. O bace gongarian wight, wilt thou the spic-
ket willd?

Nym. His minde is not heroick. And theres the
humor of it.

Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the
heelles.

Pis. Why then let cybes insue.

Nym. I thanke thee for that humor.

Fal.

the merry Wines of Windsor.

Fal. Well I am glad I am so rid of this tinder
Boy.

His stealth was too open, his filching was like
An vnskilfull singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is to steale at a minutes
rest.

Pis. Tis so indeed *Nym*, thou hast hit it right.

Fal. Well, afore God, I must cheat, I must cony-
catch.

Which of you knowes *Foord* of this Towne?

Pis. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. Well my honest Lads, Ile tell you what
I am about.

Pis. Two yards and more.

Fal. No gibes now *Pistoll*: indeed I am two yards
In the wast, but now I am about no wast:
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,
I do intend to make loue to *Foord*s wife,
I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she
Discourses. She giues the lyre of inuitation,
And euery part to be construed rightly is, I am
Syr Iohn Falstaffes.

Pis. He hath studied her well, out of honestie
Into English.

Fal. Now the report goes, she hath all the rule
Of her husbands purse. She hath legions of angels.

Pis. As many diuels attend her.

And to her boy say I.

Fal. Heere's a Letter to her. Heeres another to
misteris Page.

A pleasant Comedie, of

Who euen now gaue me good cies too, examined
my exteriors with such a greedy intentiō, with the
beames of her beautie, that it seemed as she would
a scorged me vp like a burning glasse. Here is ano-
ther Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They
shall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to
them both. They shall be my East and West Indies,
and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this
Letter to mistresse *Foord*. And thou this to mistresse
Page. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.

Pis. Shall I sir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my sword were steele.
Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores:
Hence slaues, auant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.
Falstaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted *Page*.

*Exit Falstaffe,
and the Boy.*

Pis. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch
When thou shalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are
humors of reuenge.

Pis. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nym. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

Pis. By wit, or sword?

Nym. With both the humors I will disclose this
loue to *Page*. Ile poses him with Iallowes,

And

the merry wiues of Windsor.

And theres the humor of it.

Pis. And I to *Foord* will likewise tell
How *Falstaffe* varlot vilde,
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.

Nym. Let vs about it then.

Pis. Ile second thee : sir Corporall *Nym* troope

Exit omnes.

Enter Mistresse Quickly, and Simple.

Quic. M. *Slender* is your Masters name say you?

Sim. I indeed that is his name.

Quic. How say you? I take it hee is somewhat a
weakly man :

And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.

Quic. Kane colour, you say well.

And is this Letter from sir *Yon*, about Misteris *An*,
Is it not?

Sim. I indeed is it.

Quic. So : and your Maister would haue me as
it twere to speak to misteris *Anne* concerning him :
I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind
to mistresse *Anne* himselfe. And if he should know
that I should as they say, giue my verdit for any one
but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly : For
I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

Quic. Am I? I and you knew all yowd say so :
Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my
Or else it would be but a woe house.

Sim. I beshrow me, one woman to do all this,

A pleasant Comedie, of
Is very painfull.

Quic. Are you auised of that? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands,
And he is such a honest man, and he should chance
To come home and finde a man here, we should
Haue no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

Sim. Is he indeed?

Quic. Is he quoth you? God keepe him abroad:
Lord blesse me, who knocks there?
For Gods sake step into the Counting-house,
While I goe see whose at doore.

He steps into the Counting-house.

What *John Rugby*, *John*,
Are you come home sir alreadie?

And she opens the doore.

Doct. I began I be forget my oyntment,
VVhere be *John Rugby*?

Enter John.

Rug. Here sir, do you call?

Dec. I you be *John Rugby*, and you be *Iack Rugby*
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away
De oyntment in de vindowe present:
Make hast *John Rugby*. O I am almost forget
My simples in a boxe in de Counting-house:
O Ieshu vat be here, a deuella, a deuella?
My Rapier *John Rugby*, Vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-house?
It inck you be a teefe.

Quic. Ieshu blesse me, we are all vndone.

Sim. O Lord sir no: I am no theefe,
I am a Scruingman:

My

the merry wiues of Windsor.

My name is *John Simple*, I brought a Letter fir
From my *M. Slender*, about misteris *Anne Page*.

Sir: Indeed that is my comming.

Doc. I begar is dat all? *John Rugby* giue a ma pen
An Inck: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

The Doctor writes.

Sim. O God what a furious man is this?

Quic. Nay it is well he is no worse:

I am glad he is so quiet:

Doc. Here giue dat same to sir *Hu*, it ber ve chalège
Begar tell him I will cut his nase, will you?

Sim. I sir, Ile tell him so.

Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier *John Rugby*, follow

Exit Doctor.

Quic. VVell my friend, I cannot tarry, tell your
Maister Ile doo what I can for him,
And so farewell.

Sim. Mary will I, I am glad I am got hence.

Exit omnes.

Enter Mistresse Page, reading of

a Letter.

(reason,

Mis. Pa. *Mistresse Page* I loue you. Aske me no
Because theyr impossible to alledge. Your faire,
And I am fat. You loue sack, so do I:
As I am sure I haue no mind but to loue;
So I know you haue no hart but to grant *(knowes*
A souldier doth not vse many words, where a
A letter may serue for a sentence. I loue you,
And so I leaue you.

Yours, Syr John Falstaffe.

Now

A pleasant Comedie, of

Now Iesu blesse me, am I methomorphised?
I thinke I knowe not my selfe. Why what a Gods
name doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes
at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne
heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were
hand. Why what an vnreasonable wooll sack is this.
He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I
thought I gaue such assurance with my eies, I de pul
them out, they should neuer see more holie daies.
Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue for
his sake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of
him. But in good time, heeres mistresse Foord.

Enter Mistresse Foord.

Mis. For. How now Mistris Page, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Mis. Pa. O woman I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a
case in my life.

Mis. Ford. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

Mis. Pa. With one that sweares he loues me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe:
I prethie looke on that Letter.

Mis. For. Ile match your letter iust with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Only the name
Of misteris Page, and misteris Foord disagrees:
Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this.

Mis. Pa. Why this is right my letter.
O most notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?
Lets be reuenged what so ere we do.

Mis. For. Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.
O Lord

the merry wiues of Windsor.

O Lord if my husband should see this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealoufie.

Enter Ford, Page, Pistoll and Nym.

Mis. Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealoufie,
As I am from wronging him.

Pis. Ford the words I speake are forst :
Beware, take heed, for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife :
When *Pistoll* lies do this.

Ford. Why sir my wife is not young.

Pis. He wooes both yong and old, both rich and
None comes amis. I say he loues thy wife : (poore
Fair warning did I giue, take heed,
For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare:
Page belieue him what he ses. Away sir Corporall

Exit Pistoll: (Nym.

Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,
I should ha borne the humor Letter to her :
I speake and I auouch tis true : My name is *Nym*.
Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheese:
And theres the humor of it. *Exit Nym.*

Pa. The humor of it, quoth you :
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

Mis. Pa. How now sweet hart, how dost thou ?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Pa. How now man ? How do you mistris *Ford*?

Mis. For. Well I thanke you good M. *Page*.
How now husband, how chaunce thou art so me-
lancholy ?

Ford. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.
Goe get you in, goe.

Mis. For. God saue me, see who yonder is :

C

Weele

A pleasant Comedie, of
Weele set her a worke in this businesse.

Mis. Pa. O sheele serue excellent.

Now you come to see my daughter *An I am sure.*

Quic. I forsooth that is my comming.

Mis. Pa. Come go in with me. Come *Mis. Ford.*

Mis. For. I follow you *Mistresse Page.*

Exit Mistresse Ford, Mis. Page, and Quickly.

For. *M. Page* did you heare what these fellows

Pa. Yes *M. Ford*, what of that sir? (said?)

For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?

Pa. No by my troth do I not,

I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,

Such as rather speakes of enuie,

Then of any certaine they haue

Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps

He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men

Are: But should he loue my wife,

Ifaith I de turne her loose to him:

And what he got more of her,

Then ill lookes, and shrowd words,

Why let me beare the penaltie of it.

For. Nay I do not mistrust my wife,

Yet I de be loth to turne them together,

A man may be too confident.

Enter Host and Shallow.

Pa. Here comes my ramping host of the garter,
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse,
That he lookes so merrily. Now mine Host?

Host. God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse
Cauclera. Iustice I say. (you.

Shal. At hand mine host, at hand. *M. Ford* god den
God den an twentie good *M. Page.* (to you.

I tell

the merry wiues of Windsor.

I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.

Host. Tell him cauekira Iustice: tell him bully

Ford. Mine Host a the garter: (rooke.

Host. What ses my bully rooke?

Ford. A word with you sir.

Ford and the Host talkes.

Shal. Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport
Doctor *Cayus* and sir *Hu* are to fight, (shall be,
My merrie Host hath had the measuring
Of their weapons, and hath (eare:

Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your

Host: Hast thou no shute against my knight,
My guest, my cauellira:

For. None I protest: But tell him my name
Is *Brooke*, onlie for a Iest.

Host: My hand bully: Thou shalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name shall be *Brooke*: Sed I well bully Hector?

Shal. I tell you what *M. Page*, I belecue
The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on:

For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,
And Church men, yet we are
The sonnes of women *M. Page*:

Pa: True maister *Shallow*:

Shal: It will be found so maister *Page*:

Pa. Maister *Shallow* you your selfe
Haue bene a great fighter,
Tho now a man of peace:

Shal: *M. Page* I haue seene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their stroke & their passado,
I haue made them trudge Maister *Page*,
A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I

A pleasant Comedie, of
Haue seene the day, with my two hand sword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes.

Host. Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?
Shal. Ha with you mine host.

Exit Host and Shallow.

Pa. Come *M. Ford*, shall we to dinner?
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

For. No in good sadnesse not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it so;

Come *M. Page*, shall we to dinner?

Pa. With all my hart sir, Ile follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Syr Iohn, and Pistoll.

Fal. Ile not lend thee a peny.

Pis. I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a pennie: I haue beene content you
shuld lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated
vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and
your Coach-fellow *Nym*, else you might a looked
thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. I am dam-
ned in hell for swearing to Gentlemen your good
souldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistrisse *Bri-
get* lost the handle of her Fan, I tooked on my ho-
thou hadst it not.

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fif-
teene pence?

Fal. Reason you rogue, reason.

Doest thou thinke Ile indanger my soule gratis?
In brieft, hang no more about mee, I am no gybit
for you. A short knife and a throng to your manner
of

the merry Wiues of Windsor.

of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me
you rogue you : you stand vpon your honor. Why
thou vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I
can do to keep the termes of my honor precise. I, I
my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of God on
the left hand, am faine to shuffel, to filch & to lurch.
And yet you stand vpon your honor, you rogue.
You, you.

Pis. I do recant: what woulst thou more of man?

Fal. Well, gotoe, away, no more.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic. Good you god den sir.

Fal. Good den faire wife.

Quic. Not so, ant like your worship.

Fal. Faire mayd then.

Quic. That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother
The first houre I was borne. (was
Sir I would speake with you in priuate.

Fal. Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne
houehold.

Quic. Are they so? Now God blesse them, and
make them his seruants.

Syr I come from Mistresse *Foord*.

Fal. So from Mistresse *Foord*. Goe on.

Quic. I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter, (dit.
And let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her cre.

Fal. Well, come Misteris *Foord*, Misteris *Foord*.

Quic. I sir, and as they say, she is not the first
Hath bene led in a fooles paradise.

Fal. Nay prethy be briefe my good she *Mercury*.

Quic. Mary sir, shee haue you meet her between
eight and nine

A pleasant Comedie, of

Fal. So betweene eight and nine : (birding,

Quic. I forsooth, for then her husband goes a

Fal. Well commend me to thy mistress, tel her
I will not faile her : Boy giue her my purse.

Quic. Nay sir I haue another arant to do to you
From misteris Page :

Fal. From misteris Page? I prethy what of her?

Quic. By my troth I think you work by Inchant-
Els they could neuer loue you as they doo: (ments,

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my
Good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments :

Quic. Well sir, she loues you extreemly:
And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:
For he is not halfe so ielousie as M. Ford is. (*Ford,*

Fal. But harke thee, hath misteris Page & mistress
Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me?

Quic. O God no sir : there were a iest indeed.

Fal. Well farwel, commend me to misteris Ford,
I will not faile her say.

Quic. God be with your worship.

Exit Mistresse Quickly.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir heer's a Gentleman,
One M. Brooke, would speak with you,
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.

Fal. M. Brooke, hees welcome: Bid him come vp,
Such Brookes are alwaies welcome to me :
A Iack, will thy old bodie yet hold out?
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony
Benow a gainer? Good bodie I thanke thee,
And Ile make more of thee then I ha done:

Ha

the merry Wiues of Windsor.

Ha, ha, misteris Ford, and misteris Page, haue
I caught you a the hip? go too.

Enter Foord disguised like Brooke.

For. God saue you sir.

Fal. And you too, would you speak with me?

Fal. Mary would I sir, I am somewhat bolde to
My name is *Brooke*. (trouble you,

Fal. Good M. *Brooke* your verie welcome.

For. Ifaith sir I am a gentleman and a trauelier,
That haue seen somewhat. And I haue often heard
That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.

Fal. Mony is a good souldier sir, and will on.

For. Ifaith sir, and I haue a bag here,
Would you wood helpe me to beare it.

Fal. O Lord, would I could tell how to deserue
To be your porter.

For. That may you easily sir *Iohn*: I haue an ear-
Sute to you. But good sir *Iohn* when I haue (nest
Told you my grieve, cast one eie of your owne
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be
Such an offender.

Fal. Verie well sir, proceed.

For. Sir I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife
Of this Towne. Now sir *Iohn* you are a gentleman
Of good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies,
A man of such parts that might win 20. such as she.

Fal. O good sir. (loue

For. Nay belecue it sir *Iohn*, for tis time. Now my
Is so grounded vpon her, that without her loue
I shall hardly liue.

Fal. Haue you importuned her by any means?

Ford. No neuer Sir.

Fal. Of

A pleasant Comedie, of

Fal. Of what qualitie is your louè then?

Ford. Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon
Another mans foundation. (me?

Fal. And to what end haue you vnfolded this to

For. O sir, when I haue told you that, I told you
For she sir stands so pure in the firme state (all:

Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked
Against: Now could I come against her

With some detectiō, I should sooner perswade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice

Termes that sheele stand vpon.

Fal. Why would it apply well to the veruensie
of your affection, (ioy?

That another should possesse what you would en-
Meethinks you prescribe verie proposterously

To your selfe.

For. No sir, for by that meanes should I be cer-
taine of that which I now misdoubt.

Fal. Well *M. Brooke*, Ile first make bold with your
Next, giue me your hand. Lastly, you shall (mony,
And you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

For. O good sir.

Fal. *M. Brooke*, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no mony *Syr Iohn*, you shall want

Fal. Want no Misteris *Ford M. Brooke*, (none.
You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,

Her spokes mate, her go between parted from me:

I may tell you *M. Brooke*, I am to meet her

Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Iealous

Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,

Come to me soone at night, you shall know how

I speed *M. Brooke*.

Ford.

the merry Wiues of Windsor.

Ford. Sir do you know *Ford*? (him not,

Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauored,
And Ile vse her as the key of the cuckally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.

Ford. Meethinkes sir it were very good that you
Ford, that you might shun him. (knew

Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: It shall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, *M. Brooke* thou shalt
See I will predominate ore the peasant,
And thou shalt lie with his wife. *M. Brooke*
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me soone at night.

Exit Falstaffe.

Ford. What a damned epicurian is this?
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid:
Page is an Ass, a foole. A secure Ass,
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my
Aquavita bottle, Sir *Hu* our parson with my cheese,
A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, then my wife
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,
And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect,
Sheele breake her hart but she will effect it.
God be praised, God be praised for my icalousie:
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too soone, then a minit too late,
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold.

Exit Ford.

D

Enter

A pleasant Comedie, of

Enter the Doctor and his man.

Doc. *Iohn Rugby* goe looke met your eies ore de
And spie and you can see de parson. (stall,

Rug. Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no,
But I see a great many comming.

Doc. Bully moy, mon rapier *Iohn Rugby*, begar
Hearing be not so dead as I shall make him. de

Enter Shallow, Page, my Host, and Stender.

Pa. God saue you M. Doctor *Cajus*.

Shal. How do you M. Doctor? (thee,

Host. God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse

Doc. Vat be all you, Van to tree com for, a?

Host. Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to
see thee trauese, to see thee here, to see thee there,
to see thee passe the punto. The stock, the reuerse,
the distance: the montnce is a dead my francoyes?
Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha what ses my gallon?
my escuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?

Doc. Begar de preest be a coward Iack knaue,
He dare not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a castallian king vrinall.

Hector of Greece my boy.

Shal. He hath showne himsef the wiser man

M. Doctor:

Sir Hugh is a Parson, and you a Phisition. You must
Goe with me M. Doctor.

Host. Pardon bully Iustice. A word mon fire

Doc. Mockwater, vat me dat? (mockwater.

Host. That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully,
vallor.

Doc.

the merry wiues of Windsor.

Doc. Begar den I haue as mockuater as de English
Iack dog, knaue.

Host. He will claperclaw thee titely bully.

Doc. Claperclawe, vat be dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Doc. Begar I do looke he shal claperclaw me dē,
And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag:
And moreouer bully, but *M. Page* and *M. Shallow*,
And eke cauellira *Slender*, go you all ouer the fields
to Frogmore?

Pa. Sir *Hugh* is there, is hee?

Host. He is there: goe see what humor hee is in,
Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields:
Will it do well?

Shal. We wil do it my host. Farwel *M. Doctor*.

Exit all but the Host and Doctor.

Doc. Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,
He is make a foole of moy.

Host. Let him die, but first sheth your impatience,
Throw cold water on your collar, com go with me
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee
Where mistris *An Page* is a feasting at a farm house,
And thou shalt wear hir cried game: sed I wel bully

Doc. Begar excellent vel: and if you speak pour
moy, I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentelmē
mon patinēces. I begar I fall.

Host. For the which Ile be thy aduersary
To misteris *An Page*: Sed I well?

Doc. I begar excellent.

Host. Let vs wag then.

Doc. Alon, alon, alon.

Exit omnes.

D 2

Enter

A pleasant Comedie, of

Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.

Sir Hu. I pray you do so much as see if you can
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you please now. (espie

Sim. I will Sir.

Sir Hu. Ieshu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and
And then she made him bedes of Roses, (trobes,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riueres. Now so kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry
Verie well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To shallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

Sim. Sir here is *M. Page*, and *M. Shallow*,
Comming hither as fast as they can. (sword,

Sir Hu. Then it is verie necessary I put vp my
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. God saue you *Sir Hugh*.

Shal. God saue you *M. parson*. (now,

Sir Hu. God plesse you all from his mercies sake

Pa. What the word and the sword, doth that agree well?

Sir Hu. There is reasons and causes in all things,
I warrant you now.

Pa. Well *Sir Hugh*, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

Sir Hu. What is I pray you?

Pa. Ifaith tis this *sir Hugh*. There is an auncient
friend of ours, a man of verie good fort, so at oddes
with

the merry wiues of Windsor.

with one patience, that I am sure you would hartily
griue to see him. Now Sir *Hugh*, you are a scholler
well red, and verie perswasive, we would intreate
you to see if you could intreat him to patience.

Sir Hu. I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

Pa. I am shure you know him, tis Doctor *Cayus*.

Sir Hu. I had as leeu you should tel me of a messe
He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue: (of poredge,
And he is a coward beside.

Pa. Why Ile laie my life tis the man
That he should fight withall.

*Enter Doctor and the Host, they
offer to fight.*

Shal. Keep them asunder, take away their wea-

Host. Disarme, let them question. (pons.

Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack
our English.

Doc. Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga
And de Iack, coward preest.

Sir Hu. Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes
to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your
vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for missing
your meetings and appointments.

Doc. O Ieshu mine host of de garter, *John Rogoby*,
Haue I not met him at de place he make apoint,
Haue I not?

Sir Hu. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment
Witnes by my Host of the garter. (place,

Host. Peace I say gawle and gawlia, French and
Soule curer, and bodie curer. (Wealch,

Doc. This is verie braue, excellent.

Host. Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,

D 3 Am

A pleasant Comedie, of

Am I wise? am I polliticke? am I Matchauil?
Shall I lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiōs
And the potions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir Hu?
No, he giues me the proverbes, and the nouerbes:
Giue me thy hand tereftiall,
So giue me thy hand celestiaall:
So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, you skins are whole,
Bardolfe laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

Shal. Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.

Doc. I begar haue you mocka may thus?
I will be euen met you my lack Host.

Sir Hu. Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*,
We be all friends:

But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.

Doc. I dat be vell begar I be friends. (*Exit omnes*)

Enter M. Foord.

For. The time drawes on he shuld come to my
Well wife, you had best worke closely, (house,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now wil seek my guesse that comes to dinner,
And in good time see where they all are come.

*Enter Shallow, Page, host, Slender, Doctor,
and sir Hugh.*

By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.

Pa. I thanke you good M. *Ford.*

For. Welcome good M. *Page*,
I would your daughter were here.

Pa. I thank you sir, she is very well at home.

Sten. Father *Page* I hope I haue your consent
For Misteris *Anne*?

Pa.

the merry wiues of Windsor.

Pa. You haue sonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maister Doctor.

Doc. Begar I tanck her hartily:

Host. But what say you to yong Maister *Fenton*?
He capers, he daunces, he writes verles, he smelles
All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,
Tis in his betraes he wil carite.

Pa. My host not with my cōsent: the gentleman is
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,
Let him take her simply: for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

For. Well I pray go home with me to dinner:
Besides your cheare Ile shew you wonders: Ile
Shew you a monster. You shall go with me.

M. Page, and so shall you sir *Hugh*, and you Maister
Doctor. (two:

S Hu If there be one in the company, I shal make

Doc. And dere be ven to, I fall make de tird:

Sir Hu, In your teeth for shame, (fairer

Shal: wel, wel, God be with you, we shall haue the
Wooing at Maister *Pages*:

Exit Shallow and Slender,

Host Ile to my honest knight sir *John Falstaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit host.*

Ford. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe
First come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.* (wine,

Enter Mistrresse Ford, with two of her men, and
a great buck basket.

Mis. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, say to the Launderers,
I hope you know how to bestow it?

Ser. I warrant you misteris. *Exit seruant.*

Mis. Ford

A pleasant Comedie, of

Mis. For. Go get you in. Well sir *John*,
I belecue I shall serue you such a trick,
You shall haue little mind to come againe.

Enter Sir John.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?
Why now let me die. I haue liued long inough,
This is the happie houre I haue desired to see,
Now shall I sin in my wish,
I would thy husband were dead.

Mis. For. Why how then sir *John*?

Fal. By the Lord, I de make thee my Ladie.

Mis. For. Alas sir *John*, I should be a verie simple
Ladie.

Fal. Goe too, I see how thy cie doth emulate
the Diamond.

And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ship tire, the tire veller,
Oranie Venetian attire, I see it. (better.

Mis. For. A plaine kercher sir *John*, would fit me

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to saie so:
What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee
Ther's somewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too
I loue thee:

Mistris Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, like one
Of these fellows that smels like Bucklers-berie,
In simple time, but I loue thee,
And none but thee.

Mis. For. Sir *John*, I am afraid you loue misteris

Fal. I thou mightest as well saie (Page.
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,
VWhich is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter

the merry wiues of windſor.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page.

Miſ. Pa. Miſtreſſe *Ford*, *Miſ. Ford*, where are you?

Miſ. For. O Lord ſtep aſide good ſir *Iohn*.

Falſtaffe ſtands behind the aras.

How now Miſteris *Page* whats the matter?

Miſ. Pa. Why your husband woman is cōming,
With halfe *Windſor* at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman that he ſes
Is hid in his houſe : his wiſes ſweet hart.

Miſ. For. Speak louder. But I hope tis not true
Miſteris *Page*.

Miſ. Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you
Haue any here, away with him, or your vndone for
euer.

Miſ. For. Alas miſtreſſe *Page*, what ſhall I do?
Here is a gentleman my friend, how ſhall I do?

Miſ. Pa. Gode body woman, do not ſtand what
ſhal I do, and what ſhall I do. Better any ſhift, rather
then you ſhamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-baf-
ket, if hee be a man of any reaſonable ſiſe, heele in
here.

Miſ. For. Alas I feare he is too big.

Fal. Let me ſee, let me ſee, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counſell. (*A ſide.*)

Miſ. Pa. Fie ſir *Iohn* is this your loue? Go too.

Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee :
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come here more.

E

Sir

A pleasant Comedie, of

*Sir Iohn goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him,
the two men carries it away: Foord meetes it, and all
the rest, Page, Doctor, Priest, Slender, Shallow.*

Ford. Come pray along, you shall see all.
How now who goes heare? whither goes this?
Whither goes it? set it downe.

Mis. For. Now let it go, you had best meddle with
buck-washing.

Ford. Buck, good buck, pray come along,
Maister *Page* take my keyes: helpe to search. Good
Sir Hugh pray come along, helpe a little, a little,
Ile shew you all.

Sir Hu. By Ieshu these are ielosies & distemperes.

Exit omnes.

Mis. Pa. He is in a pittifull taking.

Mis. I wonder what he thought
Whē my husband bad them set downe the basket.

Mis. Pa. Hang him dishonest flauce, we cannot vse
Him bad inough. This is excellent for your
Husbands ieaiousie.

Mi. For. Alas poore soule it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him cease
His ieaious fits, if *Falstaffes* loue increase.

Mis. Pa. Nay we wil send to *Falstaffe* once again,
Tis great pittie we should leaue him:
What wifes may be merry, and yet honest too.

Mi. For. Shall we be cōdemnd because we laugh?
Tis old, but true: still sowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.

Mis. Pa. Here comes your husband, stand aside.

For. I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

Mis. Pa. Did you heare that? *Mis. For.*

the merry wiues of Windsor.

Mis. For. I, I, peace.

For. Well Ile not let it go so, yet Ile trie further.

S. Hu. By Ieshu if there be any body in the kitchen
Or the cuberts, or the presse, or the buttery,
I am an arrant Iew : Now God plesse me:
You serue me well, do you not?

Pa. Fie M. *Ford* you are too blame :

Mis. Pa. Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to suspect
Her thus without cause.

Doc. No by my trot it be no vell :

For. Wel I pray bear with me, M. *Page* pardõ me.
I suffer for it, I suffer for it : (now :

Sir Hu. You suffer for a bad conscience looke you

Ford: Well I pray no more, another time Ile tell
you all :

The mean time go dine with me, pardõ me wife,
I am sorie. M. *Page* pray goe in to dinner,
Another time Ile tell you all.

Pa: Wellet it be so, and to morrow I inuite you all
To my house to dinner : and in the morning weele
A birding, I haue an excellent Hauke for the bush.

Ford: Let it be so : Come M. *Page*, come wife :
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come

Sir Hu. By so kad vdgme, M. *Fordes* is (in.
Not in his right wittes :

Exit omnes:

Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fal: *Bardolfe* brew me a pottle sack presently :

Bar: With Egges sir?

Fal: Simply of it selfe, Ile none of these pullets
In my drinke : goe make haste. (isperme
Haue I liued to be carried in a basket

A pleasant Comedie, of

and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and I be serued such another trick, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues slid me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know by my life I haue a kind of alacritie in sinking: and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was sheluie and somewhat shallowe: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swelles a man: and what a thing should I haue bene whē I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed.

Bar. I sir, there's a woman below would speake with you.

Fal. Bid her come vp. Let me put some Sacke among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balles for pilles.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Now whats the newes with you?

Quic. I come from misteris Ford forsooth.

Fal. Misteris Ford, I haue had Ford inough, I haue bene throwne into the Ford, my belly is full Of Ford: she hath tickled mee.

Quic. O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen, saiest thou?

Quic. I

the merry wiues of Windsor.

Quic. I forsooth.

Fal. Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think
Of mans frailtie : Let her iudge what man is,
And then thinke of me. And so farwell.

Quic Youle not faile sir?

Exit mistresse Quickly.

Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her.
I wonder I heare not of M. Brooke, I like his
Mony well. By the masse here he is.

Enter Brooke.

For. God saue you sir.

Fal. Welcome good M. Brooke. You come to
know how matters goes.

Ford. Thats my comming indeed sir *John.*

Fal. M. Brooke I will not lie to you sir,
I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how sped you sir?

Fal. Verie ilfavouredly sir.

For. Why sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No M. Brooke, but you shall heare. After we
had kissed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid
the prologue of our incounter, who should come,
but the iealous knaue her husband, and a rabble of
his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and
instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke
you? to search for his wiues loue. Euen so, plainly
so.

For. While ye were there?

Fal. Whilst I was there.

For. And did he search and could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare sir, as God would haue it,
A litle before comes me one Pages wife,

A pleasant Comedie, of

Giues her intelligence of her husbands
Approach : and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues
Distraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck basket !

Fal. By the Lord a buck-basket, rammed me in
With foule shirts, stokin, greasie napkins,
That *M. Brooke*, there was a compound of the most
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.
He tell you *M. Brooke*, by the Lord for your sake
I suffered three egregious deaths : First to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circomference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head : and then to
Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish :
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this,
To be throwne into Thames like a horshee hot:
Maister *Brooke*, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister
Brooke.

Ford. Well sir then my shute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?

Fal. *M. Brooke*, He be throwne into Etna
As I haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leaue her : I haue receiued
Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

Ford : Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie:

Fal : Is it? why then will I addresse my selfe
For my appointment : *M. Brooke* come to me soone
At night, and you shall know how I speed,
And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue:
You shall cuckold *Foord* : Come to mee soone at
at night.

Exit Falstaffe.

Ford

the merry Wiues of Windsor.

For. Is this a dreame? Is it a vision?

*Maister Ford, maister Ford, awake maister Ford,
There is a hole made in your best coat M. Ford,
And a man shall not only endure this wrong,
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, Barbasen good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittold, gode so
The diuel himselte hath not such a name:
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here
Vpon my hornes: Well Ile home, I ferit him,
And vnlesse the diuel himselte should aide him,
Ile search vnpossible places: Ile about it,
Least I repent too late:*

Exit omnes.

Enter M. Fenton, Page, and mistresse

Quickly.

(resolue,

Fen: Tell me sweet *Nan*, how doest thou yet
Shall foolish *Slender* haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden harr?
Thou knowst that I haue alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

An: Good M. *Fenton*, you may assure your selfe
My hart is setled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please:
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.

Fen: Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee *Nan*, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

Quic: Godes

A pleasant Comedie, of
Godes pitie here comes her father.

Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. M. Fenton I pray what make you here?
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus.

Fen. But heare me speake sir.

Pa. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
Sonne *Slender* let me speake with you. *(they whisper.)*

Quic. Speake to Misteris Page.

Fen. Pray misteris Page let me haue your cōsent.

Mis. Pa. Ifaith *M. Fentō* tis as my husband please.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further

Quic. How say you this was my doings? (you.
I bid you speake to misteris Page.

Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. *(Exit Fen.)*

Quic. By my troth so I will, good hart. *(Slēder)*

Pa. Come wife, you an I will in, wee leaue M.
And my daughter to talke together. *M. Shallow,*
You may stay sir if you please.

Exit Page and his wife.

Shal. Mary I thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.

Slen. Ifaith I know not what to say.

An. Now *M. Slender*, whats your will? *(An,*

Slen. Gode so theres a Iest indeed: why misteris
I neuer made wil yet: I thāk God I am wise inough

Shal. Fie cusse fie, thou art not right, *(for that.*
O thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father misteris *Anne*, good vncle
Tell the Iest how my father stole the goose out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse
Anne. *Shal.*

the merry wiues of Windsor.

Shal. He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentlewoman.

Slend. I be God that I vill, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

An. O God how many grosse faults are hid, And couered in three hundred pound a yeare? Well *M. Slender*, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

Slend. I thanke you good misteris *Anne*, vnle I shall haue her.

Quic. *M. Shallow*, *M. Page* would pray you to come you, and you *M. Slender*, and you misteris *An*,

Slend. Well Nurse, if youle speake for me, Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

Exit omnes but Quickly.

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you, But specially for *M. Fenton*:
But specially of all for my Maister.

And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

Exit.

Enter misteris Ford and her two men.

Mis. For. Do you heare? when your *M.* comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your *M.* bid you set it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forfooth.

Enter Syr Iohn.

Mis. For. *Syr Iohn* welcome.

Fal. What are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. For. He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, and I hope will not come home yet.

F

Enter

A pleasant Comedie, of

Enter mistresse Page.

Gods body here is misteris *Page*,
Step behind the arras good sir *Iohn*.

He steps behind the arras.

Mis. Pa. Misteris *Ford*, why woman your husband
is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to search
for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Mis. For. O God misteris *Page* the knight is here,
What shall I do?

Mis. Pa. Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles
you make some meanes to shift him away.

Mis. For. Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse
we put him in the basket againe.

Fal. No Ile come no more in the basket,
Ile creep vp into the chimney. (ling peeces.)

Mis. For. There they vse to discharge their Fow.

Fal. Why then Ile goe out of doores.

Mi. Pa. Then your vndone, your but a dead man.

Fal. For Gods sake deuise any extremitie,
Rather then a mischief.

Mis. Pa. Alas I know not what meanes to make,
If there were any womans apparell would fit him,
He might put on a gowne and a musler,
And so escape.

Mi. For. Thats wel remembered, my maids Aunt
Gillian of *Brainford*, hath a gowne about.

Mis. Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.

Mis. For. I that will serue him of my word.

Mis. Pa. Come goe with me sir *Iohn*, Ile helpe to
dresse you.

Fal. Come for God sake any thing.

Exit Mis. Page, & Sir Iohn.

Enter

the merry wiues of Windsor.

*Enter M. Ford, Page, Priest, Shallow, the two men
carries the basket, and Ford meets it.*

For. Come along I pray, you shal know the cause,
How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you?
Set downe the basket you ssaue,
You panderly rogue set it downe. (thus?

Mis. For. What is the reason that you vse me

For. Come hither set downe the basket,
Misteris Ford the modest woman,
Misteris Ford the vertuous woman,
She that hath the iealous foole to her husband,
I mistrust you without cause do I not?

Mis. For. I Gods my record do you. And if
you mistrust me in any ill fort.

Ford. Well sed brazen face, hold it out,
You youth in a basker, come out here,
Pull out the cloathes, search. (cloathes?

Hu. Ieshu plesse me, will you pull vp your wiues

Pa. Fie M. Ford you are not to go abroad if you
be in these fits.

Sir Hu. By so kad vdge me, tis verie necessaric
He were put in pethlem.

For. M. Page, as I am an honest man M. Page,
There was one conueyd out of my house here ye-
sterday out of this basket, why may he not be here
now?

Mi. For. Come mistris Page, bring the old womā

For. Old woman, what old woman? (downe.

Mi. For. Why my maidens Am, *Gill of Brainford.*
A witch, haue I not forwarned her my house,
Alas we are simple we, we know not what

A pleasant Comedie, of
Is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune.
Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

*Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and mi-
steris Page with him, Ford beates him, and hee
runnes away.*

Away you witch get you gone. (indeed,

Sir Hu. By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch
I espied vnder her musler a great beard.

Ford. Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.

Pa. Come weele go for his minds sake.

Exit omnes.

Mi. For. By my troth he beat him most extreemly.

Mi. Pa. I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any
further?

Mi. For. No faith, now if you will let vs tell our
husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fret-
ted himselfe to death.

Mi. Pa. Content, come weele goe tell them all,
And as they agree, so will we proceed. *Exit both.*

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from
the Duke the Stanger sir, would haue your horse.

Host. The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with
the Gentlemen, do they speake English?

Bar. Ile call them to you sir.

Host. No Bardolfe, let them alone, Ile sauce them:
They haue had my house a weeke at command,
I haue turned away my other guesse,
They shall haue my horses Bardolfe,
They must come off, Ile sawee them. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Ford, Page, their wives, Shallow, and Slen-

der. Syr Hu. son I heard the

For.

the merry wiues of Windsor.

Ford. Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I haue so true and constant wife, my icalousie shall neuer more offend thee.

Mi. For. Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done, Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.

Pa. I misteris *Ford*, *Falstaffe* hath all the griefe, And in this knauerie my wife was the chiefe.

Mi. Pa. No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

Hu. Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.

Mis. For. But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde *Falstaffe* so?

Mis. Pa. O by no meanes, send to him againe.

Pa. I do not thinke heele come being so much deceiued.

For. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like *Brooke*, and know his mind whether heele come or not. (come.

Pa. There must be some plot laide, or heele not.

Mis. Pa. Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice.

Oft haue you heard since *Horne* the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their litle children,
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.
Now for that *Falstaffe* hath bene so deceiued,
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,
Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head,
The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I haue you present there at hand,
With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat *Falstaffe* in the woods.

A pleasant Comedie, of

And then to make a period to the Iest,
Tell *Falstaffe* all, I thinke this will do best.

Pa. Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*,
Shall like a litle Fayrie be disguised.

Mis. Pa. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor
steale my daughter *An*, & ere my husband knowes
it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her. (boyes)

Mis. For. But who will buy the filkes to tyre the
Pa. That will I do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise *Stender*
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,
And vnknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.

Hu. So kad vdge me the deuises is excellent.
I will also be there, and be like a *Jackanapes*,
And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.

Mis. Pa. Why then we are reuenged sufficiently.
First he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, I am sure youle witnes that.

Mi. For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.

Pa. Well lets about this stratagem, I long
To see deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.

For. Well send to *Falstaffe*, and if he come thither,
I will make vs smile and laugh one moneth togi-
ther.

Exit omnes.

Enter Host and Simple. (skin?)

Host. What would thou haue boore, what thick-
Speake, breath, discus, short, quick, briefe, snap.

Sim. Sir, I am sent frō my M. to sir *John Falstaffe*.

Host. Sir *John*, theres his Castle, his standing bed,
his trundle berl, his chamber is painted about with
the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, go knock,
heelc speak like an *Antripophiginian* to thee:

Knocke

the merry Wives of Windsor.

Knock I say.

Sim. Sir I should speak with an old woman that went vp into his chamber.

Host. An old woman, the knight may be robbed, Ile call bully knight, bully sir *John*. Speake from thy Lungs military: it is thine host, thy Ephesian calls.

Fal. Now mine Host.

Host. Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the comming downe of the fat woman: Let her descēd bully, let her descend, my chambers are honorable, pah priuasie, sic.

Fal. Indeed mine host there was a fat woman with But she is gone.

(me,

Enter Sir John.

Sim. Pray sir was it not the wise woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. Marry was it Mussellhell, what would you?

Sim. Marry sir my maister *Slender* sent me to her, To know whether one *Nim* that hath his chaine, Cousoned him of it, or no.

Fal. Italked with the woman about it.

Sim. And I pray sir what ses she?

Fal. Marry she ses the very same man that Beguiled maister *Slender* of his chaine, Cousoned him of it.

Sim. May I be bolde to tell my maister so sir?

Fal. Ilike, who more bolde.

Sim. I thanke you sir, I shall make my maister a glad man at these tydings, God bewith you sir.

Host. Thou art clarkly sir *John*, thou art clarkly, Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Marry was there mine host, one that taught

Me

A pleasant Comedie, of
Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,
And I paid nothing for it,
But was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. O Lord sir cousonage, plaine cousonage.

Host. Why man, where be my horses? where be
the Germanes?

Bar. Rid away with your horses:
After I came beyond Maidenhead,
They flung me in a flow of myre, & away they ran.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Where be my Host degartyre?

Host. O here sir in perplexitie.

Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But begar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
Has cosened all de host of *Branford*,
And *Redding*: begar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

Enter Sir Hugh.

Sir Hu. Where is mine Host of the gartyr?
Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beg-
gerly lowsie knaue beside:

And can point wrong places,
Itell you for good will, grate why mine Host. *Exit.*

Host. I am cosened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*,
Sweet knight assist me, I am cosened. *Exit.*

Fal. Would all the worell were cosened for me,
For

the merry wiues of windsor.

For I am cousoned and beaten too.
Well, I neuer prospered since I forswore
My selfe at *Prithero*: and my winde
Were but long inough to say my prayers,
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The diuell take the one partie,
And his dam the other,
And theyle be both bestowed.
I haue endured more for their sakes,
Then man is able to endure.

Quic. O Lord sir, they are the sorowfull creatures
That euer liued: specially mistresse *Ford*,
Her husband hath beaten her that she is all
Blacke and blew poore soule.

Fal. What tellest me of blacke and blew,
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my escape like to a bene apprehended
For a witch of *Brainsford*, and set in the stockes.

Quic. Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
Youle be perswaded to the contrarie.

Fal. Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile
heare thee. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Host and Fenton.

Host. Speake not to me sir, my mind is heauie,
I haue had a great losse.

Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your losse.

Host. Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your
counsell.

Fen. Thē thus my host. Tis not vnknown to you,

G

The

A pleasant Comedie, of

The feruent loue I beare to young *Anne Page*,
And mutally her loue againe to mee :
But her father still against her choise,
Doth seeke to marrie her to foolish *Slender*,
And in a robe of white this night disguised,
Wherein fat *Falstaffe* had a mightie scare,
Must *Slender* take her and carrie her to *Catlen*,
And there vnkowne to any, marrie her.
Now her mother still against that match,
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor must steale her thence,
And she hath giuen consent to goe with him.

Hof. Now which means she to deceiue, father or
mother?

Fen. Both my good *Hof*, to go along with me.
Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,
To giue our harts vnited matrimonie. (among the)

Hof. But how will you come to steale her from

Fen. That hath sweet *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which she weares,
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,
I shalbe sure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the priest abides our coming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Hof. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euer more be bound vnto thee.
Besides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

Enter sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They say there is good luck in old numbers,
Ione transformed himselfe into a bull, And

the merry Wiues of Windsor.

And I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fattest
In all *Windsor* Forrest: well I stand here
For *Horne* the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter mistress Page, and mistress Ford.

Mis. Pa. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

Mi. For. I I sir *Iohn*, I see you will not faile,
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late crosses.

Fal. This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my horns Ile bequeath the to your husbands,
Do I speake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

Mis. Pa. God forgiue me, what noise is this?

There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.

*Enter sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries,
mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they
sing a song about him, and afterward speake.*

(groues,

Quic: You Fayries that do haunt these shady
Looke round about the wood if you can espie
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espie, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

Sir Hu. Come hither *Peane*, go to the countrie
houses,

And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,
With your long nailes pinch her till she crie,

A pleasant Comedie, of

And sweare to mend her sluttish hufwiferie.

Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.

Hu. Where is *Pead*? go you & see where Brokers
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their mase, (sleep,
Goe laie the Proctors in the street,
And pinch the lowsie Seriants face:
Spare none of these when they are a bed,
But such whose nose lookes plew and red.

Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amis.

Hir Hu. I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. God blesse me from that wealch Fairie.

Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.

Sir Hu. See I haue spied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.

Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care.

Quic. Go strait, and do as I commaund, (not.
And take a Taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers endes,
And if you see it him offends,
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be shure he is full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this same metamorphised youth.

Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They

the merry Wives of Windsor.

They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.

Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries
and iniquitie.

Quic. A little distant from him stand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compasse him within a ring,
First pinch him well, and after sing.

Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton steales misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles of his bucks head, and rises vp. And enters M. Page, M. Ford, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me:

What hunting at this time at night?

Ile lay my life the mad Prince of Wales

Is stealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue
we here, what is all *Windsor* stirring? Are you there?

Shal. God saue you sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Sir Hu. God plesse you sir *Iohn*, God plesse you.

Pa. Why how now sir *Iohn*, what a pair of horns
in your hand?

Ford. Those hornes he ment to place vpon my
And *M. Brooke* and he should be the men: (head,
Why how now sir *Iohn*, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you so,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

A pleasant Comedie, of
And whats to come sir *Iohn*, that can we tell.

Mi. Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your dishonest meanes
To call our credits into question,
Did make vs vndertake to our best,
To turne your leaud lust to a merry Iest.

Fal. Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
Why then these were not Fairies?

Mis. Pa. No sir *Iohn* but boyes.

Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the
They were not, and yet the grosnesse (mind
Of the fopperie perswaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle so whip me with their keene Iests,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!

Sir Hu. I trust me boyes Sir *Iohn*: and I was
Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.

Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the start of mee,
Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?
With a peece of toasted cheese?

Sir Hu. Butter is better then cheese sir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.

For. There is a further matter yet sir *Iohn*,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir
And it must be paid to M. *Ford* Sir *Iohn*. (*Iohn*,

Mi. For. Nay husband let that go to make amēds,
Forgiue that sum, and so wee le all be friends.

For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last.

Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue bene well pinched and washed.

Enter

the merry wiues of windſor.

Enter the Doctor.

Mi. Pa. Now M. Doctor, ſonne I hope you are.

Doct. Sonne begar you be de ville voman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres *An*, and begar
Tis a whorſon garſon lack boy.

Miſ. Pa. How a boy?

Doct. I begar a boy.

Pa. Nay be not angry wiſe, He tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee ſo:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. Slender, and ſee where he comes.

Enter Slender.

Now ſonne *Slender*,
Where's your bride?

Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke theres neuer a
man in the worrell hath that croſſe fortune that I
haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.

Pa. Why whats the matter ſonne *Slender*?

Slen. Sonne, nay by God I am none of your ſon.

Pa. No, why ſo? (married.

Slen. Why ſo God ſaue me, tis a boy that I haue

Pa. How a boy? why did you miſtake the word?

Slen. No neither, for I came to her in red as you
bad me, and I cried mum, and hee cried budget, ſo
well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.

Sir Hu. Ieſhu M. *Slender*, cannot you ſee but marrie

Pa. O I am vext at hart, what ſhal I do? (boyes?

Enter Fenton and Anne.

Miſ. Pa. Here comes the man that hath deceiued
How now daughter, where haue you bin? (vs all:

An. At Curch forſooth.

Pa. At Church, what haue you done there?

Fen.

A pleasaunt Comedie, of

Fen. Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.

Ford: Ifaith *M. Page* neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.

Fal. I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced
Mi. For. Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.

Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here *M. Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.

Sir Hu: Come *M. Page*, you must needs agree.
Fo. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel plea-
Pa. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, (sed:
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither daughter,
Go too you might haue stai'd for my good will,
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Here take her *Fenton*, & both happie proue. (dings.

Sir Hu. I wil also dance & eat plums at your wed-

Ford. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors ieast.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir *John Falstaffe* now shal you keep your word,
For *Brooke* this night shall lye with mistris *Ford*.

Exit omnes.

F I N I S.

